

## Preface

*Let me issue and control a Nation's money and I care not who makes its laws.*

-- Mayer Amschel Rothschild

Over the years Revisionists have asked me to write about my effort in 1981 to place the Board of Governors, Federal Reserve System (FED), under legal, non-violent citizens-arrest. The subject resides in my memory like old road-kill. What could have been a slam-bang victory turned into ignoble failure. Recalling all of this presents an onerous task. I am getting near the end of the diving board.

( I've already covered the FED in my Ms. *"Kill the Best Gentiles !"* which no one would publish. ) However, because there may be lessons in my story for young Americans, I have decided to give it a whirl.

The Constitution states that Congress alone shall issue and control America's currency; Congress may not delegate those functions. Nevertheless a corrupt and ignorant U.S. Congress enacted the *unconstitutional* Federal Reserve Act (1913). Few Congressmen since have dared suggest it is unconstitutional -- fearing for their livelihood and their lives. The word "Federal" is a sham. It has no more relevance than "Federal" Tire Co. The FED is a private corporation whose stock is owned by International Bankers. It is not an agency of the United States Government. It is one of many parasitical Rothschild Central Banks infesting the world stage. Its power ascends over every U.S. citizen from cradle to grave. Every dollar in your wallet is a note issued by the FED. The U.S. Government redeems that note (principal and interest) with your taxes. Through its enormous resources and power the FED controls the machinery of the U.S. Government.

The Rothschild empire was created by infiltrating every level of ALL Western governments. Through manipulation, bribery, slander, assassination, and control of the mass media, JEWS contrived to pit nation against nation, race against race, financing all sides in the resultant wars; then at exorbitant interest rates financing reconstruction of the devastated countries. Rothschild's *modus operandi* has kept Western Civilization in a continuous state of war and eternally in debt.

**"Wars are Jews' harvests." (J.G. Simpson).**

In 1981 America's future seemed dismal indeed. It seemed to me that IF the FED could be brought to center stage and exposed, the entire Illuminati structure would collapse. Enraged citizens would hang the International Bankers. America would resume its role as a bastion of Western Culture.

To understand what I am about to relate, you should know a little about me. As with most of us, several key events *shaped my character*. They will give you a clue as to why a mid-Westerner, from an ethical, middle class American family; former Boy Scout, PT-Boat captain, Lt. USN-R; NYC film-producer, artist, and father of two

sons, found himself on the steps of the FED on that bright, brisk December 7, 1981 morning wearing a London Fog raincoat to conceal his weapons, and with an camera-case slung over his shoulder.

**Character Shaper No. 1:**

Buddy B. was a loose cannon. He was ten and I was seven. I remember his tattered tennis shoes, Keds. His father had cut the toes out of them to accommodate Buddy's growing feet. Those were depression years. Mason Elementary School had a dirt and sand playground, divided down the middle with a wrought-iron picket fence. Girls on one side, boys of the other. At recess Buddy would go on both sides raising hell, pushing people around, pulling the girls' pigtails. He was bigger than everyone else. One day he went berserk running around the boys' playground kicking and stomping on marbles the little kids were playing with. I went up to him and told him to stop it or else. The "else" was that he challenged me to meet him after school at the dueling grounds. He was a head taller than I and much heavier and stronger. All the kids had been alerted. We went down to the narrow, concrete alley, lined by rickety back-yard fences. This is nuts, I thought. Why didn't he just admit he was wrong. You're gonna get beat bad, Helen, told me. Everyone was patting Buddy on the back. Go get him Buddy. He was smiling, sure, cocky. He said whatdya want, fists or wrestling. I could feel my stomach tighten. Whatever you say. Wrestle, he said, I wanna strangle you to death. We grappled and rolled around. But he couldn't hold me down and I couldn't do anything with him. His face got beet red, he was screaming cuss words at me. Get him Buddy. Then he started punching. I was on my back, he on top. I could see his elbows were scraped and bleeding. He sat on my chest, grabbed my head and beat it into the concrete - again and again. Stop ! Helen screamed, far away, dimly. I went woozy and woke up on a couch at my house.

Tears rolled down Buddy's face. DON't DIE, Don't die, he pleaded. My nose was bleeding and my shirt was soaked in blood. I got up. I'm OK said I, weakly. But you were wrong to kick the marbles. I wuz, said Buddy B. Helen took Buddy's hand and they departed. A pal of mine said, you sure showed him.

**MORAL:** *It's better to be strong than right -- unless you like dying. Crowds hate good guys.*

**Character Shaper No. 2:**

My parents owned a cottage in a small vacation community on the Mississippi River at Chautauqua, Illinois. 175-foot high, limestone bluffs, bare-faced, with grass- and-trees toupee, lined the east side of the river in both directions. A 20' high Piasa Bird had been painted in different colored dyes by an ancient Illini Indian tribe, on one section of the bluff's face. A railroad track curved in and out along their base connecting Alton, Ill. with Chautauqua and other small villages to the north. The train locomotive was a coal-eater guided by a friendly engineer, sure of his worth. In those days steamboats puffed and wheezed up and down the river. Occasionally the pilot would blow the boat's deep bass whistle to say hello to the spectators. The sound echoed and reechoed over the landscape.

Junior Frye -- 12 years old and worldly wise -- worked in his father's auto-repair shop. He invited me and my pal Wacky Schultz, a plump, round-faced kid, to make a climb to Buzzards Cave. It was an honor to be invited by Jr. The cave entrance was about 100 feet above the railroad tracks, a round black hole punched into the face of the bluffs. We began the climb at an easy access about one-quarter mile south of the cave. It was a hot July day. The foliage was brown and dry. We sweated like dogs, panting up the rock-strewn trail. We reached the woods on top, where Jr. found a goat trail he was looking for. We followed it to the edge of the bluff where it dipped over the rim. There, leaning over the edge, we could see the sheer face of the bluff drop straight down to the rails glinting in the sun far below. Willows embedded in moist soil lined the river and dipped gracefully into it. A great area for hunting snakes. Upstream we could see the confluence of the Illinois River, and the fertile fields turning violet then pale blue as they rolled toward the horizon.

Jr. stuffed his gunny-sack under his belt. He also had a Boy Scout flashlight clipped to his belt. In case the bats attack, he said. I looked down the sheer wall again.

Wacky said, Are you sure you want to do this? Sure thing, let's go -- or be labeled gutless cowards forever. So over the rim we went. Slowly. We were on a ledge about

15 inches wide, about twenty feet from the cave. Jr. led, then I in the middle followed by Wacky. Faces to the bluff, we sidled along the ledge which was covered with loose shale. Between my skinny legs I could see the rails shimmering in the heat. I felt for a grip on the hot sedimentary rock. A piece of it came away in my hand, causing a miniature landslide. I could hear the shale bouncing below. Junior Frye said, Watch your step here. The trail narrowed. I came to a section of ledge that had completely eroded away. I was feeling a little sick. I forced myself to step across the open space almost freezing with fright. A few more steps and I crawled over the lip of the cave into the interior. Bats hung from the walls and ceiling. They fluttered about our heads then flitted into the sunlight. The floor was covered with guano. Jr. retreated into the darkness of the cave. He returned with a human skull, which he proudly displayed. Its perfect teeth grinned. It was yellow and had a tuft of black hair. Jr. carefully placed it in his sack. Didn't think it would still be here, he said. I found it last time I was here but didn't have any way to carry it back. We returned the way we came, scared all the way. When we got back on *terra firma*, we pretended the feat was a cinch. We were elated and proud. Later, University of Illinois anthropologists said the skull was that of an 18th C. Illini Indian. They suggested he had been fleeing Shawnees who, on the warpath, had vowed to kill the entire Illini nation. "Our" Indian had cowered in the cave and died there.

**MORAL:** *Things to be proud of often involve high risk. You can't hide from death. It always finds you.*

### Character Shaper No. 3:

Red Lindow, a college team-mate of mine, telephoned me on Friday from Fort Leonard Wood, MO. I have two dates. I'll pick you up at your house, 10:00am tomorrow. After trying every way possible to escape the draft he had been inducted into the Army as a Private 1st Class. He made the barracks football team -- loaded

with pro-players -- as half-back; Red was a tough dude, and smart. He knew more about history than the History Prof. He said wars are all about money. I was red, white and blue, and gung-ho stupid. Red arrived, wearing khaki, in a new Olds convertible, top down. Two pretty girls from Mary Mount College jumped out to greet me. Take your pick says Red. He got into the back seat with one. I drove. Anything for a I pal. It was a beautiful warm May day. Fresh green buds, azure blue sky. Hair flying in the wind with the radio blaring, we sped toward Chautauqua. Lots of laughter. Loads of smooching in the back seat. Suddenly, on a straightaway the brakes locked, tires screamed, we were tossed forward, the car swerved, I pulled it to the side of the road. The rear wheels were smoking. I backed the car up, the brakes unlocked, then slowly we proceeded forward for a few miles. They locked again. I repeated the process. We neared Alton, built on steep hills, limping finally into Frye's Auto Repair.

To my amazement, Mr. Frye was now a bent-over old man. He wore the same grease-stained ochre-colored overalls. His helper was a kid with a harelip. His son, Junior, my "Indian-skull" pal, was in uniform overseas (later he was killed ). Mr. Frye removed the Olds' back wheels and emptied out the powdered brake shoes. He said the front brakes'll be good enough. Don't drive fast. Drive careful. He said, no charge. Hev a goot trip. I said, Too bad about your new buggy, Red. Not mine, he replied. My commanding officer asked me to drive it back; give it to his dad Sunday eve. Whoa ! After a nice day at Chautauqua, chasing but no catch, we headed home. Top up. Gale, thunder and rain. Blackness closed in. Visibility zilch. We headed down a bumpy country road toward a T. I applied the brakes. They wouldn't grab. We kept rolling toward destiny at 30 mph, radio playing. I decided not to try to turn, possibly capsize. Hold tight !

We plunged over an five-foot embankment into a muddy fallow field where I once hunted rabbits. The car came to rest on its side, radio still playing dance tunes in the blackness. We climbed out through the top. Girls sobbing. No one injured. Nearby farmhouse took us in. Phoned a frat buddy who picked us up. We delivered the girls to their dorm. Lindow rode an a.m. Greyhound back to the barracks. Sunday I drove back to check the car and have it towed to Frye's. No need. During the night locals stripped the new Olds down to its axles. Everything salvageable was gone -- including the engine. There was nothing left but a melancholy skeleton glistening dully in the rain and mud. There will be hell to pay for this, thought I. Monday I visited Mr. Blick, father of Lindow's commanding officer. His ranch-house, approached by a winding tree-lined driveway, nestled among flowering shrubs and trees. Somewhat like a cemetery, I thought.

Mr. Blick, wearing a prayer shawl and yarmulke, greeted me at the door. He was squat, with heavy eyelids and kinky graying hair. I judged him to be in his early fifties. He maintained a stern visage. I introduced myself. He breathed hard, there was no handshake. He gestured for me to follow him into the living room, dimly lit by a menorah with candles. Sunlight seeped beneath the window blinds. He motioned me to sit down while he remained standing. He said, I expect full

restitution for my son's car. I told him about the brakes. I commiserated with him about the damage, and assured him his insurance would reimburse the loss. He insisted that Lindow must pay; the car had not been returned Sunday as promised; because I had not been given permission to drive, ergo, the insurance policy was negated etc. Therefore, he intoned, I insist that you replace the wrecked Oldsmobile immediately!

But sir, I protested, the car was defective; your son authorized use of his car. Blick said coldly, I will sue your ass for theft and robbery. OK, we'll counter-sue for attempted murder. Everyone could have been killed. Blick made a weird gesture, writing in the air with his finger. You're a Nazi. Get out. Get out. The Jew community was small and close-knit. The word got around that I was a Nazi. On campus Jew acquaintances averted their eyes when we met. When they gathered on the quad, they would stop talking and stare at me. It was the custom for each frat and sorority to invite the presidents of their counterparts to dances. I got none from the Jews. Instead, I got stabbed in the back. I bled.

*The Hatchet*, our yearbook, was in production. Seniors were to provide captions, listing their collegiate activities, to accompany their photographs. The deadline was 5pm Friday afternoon. I had ample time. Before going to the *Hatchet* office I stopped by the blood bank, located in the library, where I regularly contributed. Mounted on the granite walls outside the library, names of students in the Service were posted behind glass-faced bulletin boards. Though early in the war, gold stars for KIA and blue stars for MIA appeared frequently beside the names. One, Bill Baker, frat brother, BB team third-baseman, Army Air Corps, lost an arm, survived the Bataan Death March only to die in Japan. After giving blood I got up from the cot -- and passed out. In the blur I saw two beautiful nurses kneeling beside me. I was on my back. I said, I've got an appointment. I got to my feet and fainted a second time. It was humiliating. They refused to allow me to leave. Finally, I managed to escape, but when I got to the *Hatchet* office the door was locked. I knocked. A girl's voice said, You missed the deadline. Remonstrance. It's your fault not mine. What is the publisher/printer's address? I'm busy, ask Bob. The girl was officious. I knew the Editor well, Bob Stolz. We were long-time friends. I went to his frat and left a message. No one knew the printer's name. Over the weekend I attempted to reach Stolz at his home, no answer. He had sealed himself off from distractions like me. So I thought to hell with it.

Later, I received a copy of *The Hatchet*. I was aghast. This was the first horrendous blow to my character that I ever encountered. My initial reaction stemmed from hurt pride. Why did this creep hate me so much? I never even considered -- at first -- that anyone who knew me would believe I had written the phony caption. It was clever, listing many activities I had engaged in but including exaggerations and lies. I called Stoltz. He said they had handled my caption the way they handled all the others. I asked him to send me the caption copy. He said it had been destroyed. I was branded. I asked the Dean of Men what I should do. He said, I will see what I can do. He never got back to me. Meanwhile, the student body was being ripped

apart by drafts and enlistments. I was soon called into the Navy V-7 Program. In the maelstrom of the war the *Hatchet* fiasco was forgotten. It was only after the war that the true significance of the slander hit me. My friends told me to forget it. But it has eaten at me all my life. I never knew how to handle it. Then, one day, many years later... in my mind, searching, I connected Blick to the *Hatchet* incident. Blick's youngest son also attended the University. But I will never know for certain.

*Moral: Slander cannot be fought legally. Unlike libel, slander attacks unseen, viciously with whispers -- very like a sniper's bullet.*

#### Character Shaper No. 4:

A Division of PT-Boats patrolled 5 miles off Genoa, 1944. It was a calm moonlit Mediterranean night, the sea breathed gently, phosphorous glinted in the boats' wakes. The radar picked up a small blip about 3 miles from shore. Our Division Leader had to decide whether such a small target was worth disclosing our position to the shore batteries. We were hunting bigger game. But it was near first light and hunting had not been good, so he gave the command to attack. The three PTs tooled slowly in file using only the muffled wing engines. At about 300 yards we could see the target clearly silhouetted in the moon trail. Too shallow draft to torpedo. We could hear music and laughter. We turned broadside and opened fire with .50 cal, 40 mm, and 20s. The night was shattered with the blast, tracers arced through the night smashing into the target in a shower of sparks, ricocheting like red, yellow and green hornets into the night. Just as quickly we ceased fire. Our boat was ordered to investigate.

The enemy craft was 40' x 15' with low freeboard, a nice cabin, and an open deck under a tarpaulin awning. No armament. There was blood everywhere. The occupants had thrown themselves overboard. Apparently, they had embarked on a pleasure cruise with lady friends, venturing too far from shore. We recovered a log, a few papers, and souvenirs including a Nazi flag (the flag was destroyed finally when my house was torched in 1977). We came about quickly and headed full-throttle toward base, thankful the shore 88s hadn't opened up on us, and we hadn't hit a mine. Then a strange series of events followed. I rarely relate what happened because it sounds contrived. But here it is. A doctor, Lt. Rosen (?), had been given permission to observe, as a passenger, a PT operation. He was a sallow-faced fellow, uncomfortable among us "red-necks." On the way back to base, a crewman reported to the bridge, Mr. von Brunn, there's a wounded German on the fantail. Somehow this badly wounded sailor had managed to climb the muffler stacks, up 5' of freeboard to the deck. We carried him to the day-room. He was in severe pain and shock. Gut shot and dying. His eyes wild like a cornered animal. He spoke broken English. He wanted to know how badly he was wounded. We removed his soaked, bloody uniform and towed him off. Dr. Rosen bent over the boy to administer a shot of morphine.

The German -- he was about 18 yrs old -- cried out no, no Jew, Jew ! Rosen turned white as a sheet. Our cook, the "medic," administered morphine. I held the kid's

hand, looked into his eyes. My people are Germans, too, I told him. He seemed to relax. I had to get back to the bridge. Cookie told me later that the boy fell asleep and never woke up. When we got back to base, the boy's rosary, his watch, even the buttons on his uniform were missing.

Bastia, our base, had been occupied by German troops escaping N. Africa. They were liked by the Corsicans. Conversely, Americans were hated because we had air-bombed Bastia to prevent Germans from escaping to the mainland. It was a legitimate target. Several bombed-out German transports lay partially submerged in the harbor. The stench of corpses wafted ashore, reminding the Corsicans daily how much they hated us. The Corsicans, Catholics, asked permission to give the German sailor a High Mass and funeral. American Brass said OK. Great PR. The funeral was a demonstration of affection and protest, permeated with intense hate. Every Bastian who could walk attended the rites. The men wore their best clothes, and fedoras. The sad-faced women wore black. The church was a sturdy stone edifice with shattered windows and a belfry. Beginning at dawn, the bell tolled its mournful message, echoing across the crags and valleys. Swallows sailed across the sky. Americans were not allowed to participate or attend the church service. We stood in the courtyard. A group of French Commandos watched quietly (later their entire battalion, save one, was killed raiding Elba). We watched as the pallbearers carried the casket from the church. It was draped with a white sheet, a Crucifix lying on top, no German emblems allowed. I noticed the draped sheet had been pulled up at one corner. The casket was a wooden crate. Between the interstices one could see the German's uniform. Women sobbed. The children were quiet, solemn faced. The bier was loaded onto a cart pulled by a gray mule. Men removed their hats or saluted as the cart bumped and creaked its way to the cemetery. Dr. Rosen took photographs. Later, I learned the German sailor had been stationed in Bastia before his unit was sent to Genoa. On Sundays he sometimes performed as church organist. That evening, Philips, a seaman on our boat, visited a local vino joint. He was stabbed to death, the killer never caught. Phillips, as had the German boat, strayed too far from home.

*Moral: Life and Death are opposite sides of the same coin. Fate flips the coin.*

#### Character Shaper No. 5:

When the Esso tanker carrying our PTs slipped past the Statue of Liberty to join the convoy, I looked at the skyline of Manhattan and vowed to return after the war. I had gotten to know her as a plebe at Columbia University's V-7 Program. The greatest Aryan city in American.

When I returned after the war, New York had become the largest Jew city in the World. EVERYTHING had changed. The streets were unclean. Taxi drivers were officious. Cigar smoke dominated the fine restaurants, vulgar talk. Ugliness. Rudeness, push and shove, Prestigious chairmanships of the Metropolitan Opera, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Carnegie Hall, for example, were held by Jews. Almost all art galleries were Jew-owned. Newspapers, publishing, tin-pan alley . . .

you know the story.

The *Herald Tribune*, an Aryan newspaper, was put out of business because JEWS wouldn't advertise in it. The city was bursting with "gassed" JEWS. It took 3 weeks to find an apartment. One day I was walking across 57th ST. at Madison Avenue and the light changed to yellow as I was midway. A car jumped the light, shot up to me, slamming on his brakes. He yelled, Get the fuuuck outta my way, asshole. I dented his car hood with my fist. Motherfucker, he screamed, pointing to the far corner of the street -- I'll see you over there, there, there -- he pointed to the far corner. He was a young JEW. He found a parking spot and I went over to him. OK, foul mouth said I -- get out. He said fuck you, rolled up his window and took off.

This was 1948. The "Holocaust" was breaking news. I lived in an old 4-floor walk-up brownstone. \$35 per month rent. Shared the bathroom with a pretty ballerina. My landlady was a nice 65-yr old Polish lady. When the news of Katyn hit the fan she chilled off toward me. Finally she used some lame excuse about needing to re-hab my room. Her son, about 35, apologized. It's about Katyn. She won't deal with you. Why, for heaven's sake ? You're German. So I moved across the street.

I got a job at BBDO ad agency as a copywriter. Initially, we apprentices, Ivy Leaguers in Brooks Bros. Suits, except for me, were given interim spots in the mail room, or Production Dept. until a copy spot opened up. Those that couldn't write were made account execs. I didn't like waiting. I showed the brass my art samples. They put me on the paste-up bench, assuring me an Asst. A/D job was percolating.

One lucky day, returning from a JEW deli during lunch-break, I entered the elevator to return to my cubby-hole. A guy my age -- I had seen him around the agency -- stood beside me. He asked, what d'ya have in the brown-bag, a JEW baby ? What, said I, are you trying to be funny ? You know what I mean -- Nazis.

With that I punched him in the jaw just as the elevator doors opened onto the Executive Floor. He spun across the lobby, hit the wall dislocating his shoulder. I remember that the execs were expressionless. The doors closed and I continued going up.

Two days later I was called in to McNulty's Office. He said, we have an Asst. Art Director's job for you. It turned out the guy I hit had assumed blame for the incident. He was a Brit. A former bomber pilot. He returned to England. I'll always be grateful to him. Suddenly I was earning \$150 per week. Then bad news arrived in the form of one Berkley Ding, an art rep for Chaire Studios. Ding invited me to lunch from time to time. Occasionally we played tennis at a private roof-top club inhabited by tanned, well-manicured, JEWS. Marilyn Monroe had just married Arthur Miller, the playwright, and Sandy Koufax had just pitched a no-hitter. Ecstasy gripped the members. You could feel it and see it. Ding asked me what I thought of the marriage. I laughed, She's bedding down with everyone else, why not Miller. I could have said every JEW in town, but in those days the word JEW was unmentionable. I was naïve. I know now Ding was a member of the Tribe. At the agency I designed several full-page black and white newspaper ads that required an



artist to paint infant heads. Chaire had a top-notch staff artist who was assigned the job. His art work was then Veloxed to provide a print with half-tone dots, to make a line plate. The agency production dept. suggested that the Velox be retouched to enhance the highlights and darken the darks. To save back-and-forth time, I did the retouching, an hour's work, then returned it to Chaire where a mechanical assembly was made. The next day, all smiles, Ding delivered the finished job. We went to a deli and had a sandwich. Afterwards, on the street, he said Mr. Chaire wanted me to be compensated for doing the retouching. I politely refused. Come on, said Ding, why not? You earned it. He thrust a wad of bills into my hand. I said, for God's sake, man, there's over \$500 here. I can't accept that. He insisted. Listen Berk, said I, take this back or I'll throw it down the sewer. Tell Chaire (who I learned later was a JEW) he shouldn't pull crap like this. Ding was pale-faced. Later, Chaire spread the word that I had asked for a kick-back!

On another occasion, I was producing commercials at Elliot-Unger-Elliott Film Production. Steve Elliott invited me into his office. He showed me an engraved invitation from the Kennedy White House to attend a soiree. He also showed me a photograph of his wife, a lovely blonde he found starving in Germany while he stalked the ruins after the war. Elliot was a prototypical JEW, stocky, swarthy, with beaucoup facial hair. He said, You know, Jim, things are never going to be the same. This is a new World.

The top three film production studios in NYC were owned by JEWS, as were almost all auxiliary services: film processing, opticals, sound recording, editing, stock footage, etc. Offend one and you and your job got skewered. These film enterprises, established during or immediately following WWII, were poised for the introduction of TV to America. The supportive ads would be shot on film. The JEW owners, in their late thirties and early forties, managed to get financing for these lucrative enterprises while brain-washed Aryans were overseas fighting. Elliott lived with his German bride and child on his Connecticut estate. I lived in a 2-BR apartment. My name was a problem. At two different agencies, I sat in high-level executive sessions. The subject was ME. The Aryan execs politely suggested that I drop the "von" from my name. I politely refused. They explained it was un-American. For the first time I actually realized "things were never going to be the same." My parents had explained that our name had about the same significance as O'Malley, MacArthur, or L'Enfant. It was just an old European name. My mid-western American parents were wrong. The execs were correct. "Von" doesn't belong in a "democracy." Jews detest it. German-Americans say I didn't earn it. Others feel it's presumptuous. I agree with them. But I was too ignorant to understand when I was younger.

The Commodore Hotel on Madison Avenue displayed two of my fly-fishing paintings in the bar. Erik Sloane also exhibited there. He had a full window display devoted to his popular New England barn scenes. Quite by accident I met him in the Commodore bar. He told me to change my name (his real name was Heinrich). You'll never make it with a German moniker in this town. Several years later, I was

dining at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I was on a film assignment. An attractive lady and her 18-yr-old daughter were seated at a nearby table. They were Texans. They were charming. We struck up a conversation. I had played football against Tulsa. Faith was celebrating Trish's graduation. They asked if I would like to show them around

Hollywood. We taxied to Sunset Boulevard Strip. They wanted to see the Gay Nineties Club, so in we went. Luckily a table was available near the dance floor.

Overhead a scantily clad beauty sailed back-and-forth on a garland-bedecked swing. A mustachioed barbershop quartet sang the old songs. The pianist, with a cigarette behind his ear, pounded the upright. We ordered steins of beer. My two ladies, full of vim and vigor, were swaying with the music. When the quartet departed the pianist began his repertoire of Gay-Nineties tunes. About a dozen people from the audience gathered around the piano. Trish joined them. It's amazing, I said, that Trish knows the words to those old timers. Her dad taught her, Faith said. Killed in Korea. Marine. The group around the piano were waving their glasses, swaying back and forth, getting crocked, feeling good.

As we watched, Trish let out a scream. The music stopped. A little guy behind Trish had put his hands on both of her breasts, and was bending her back. I ran up and jerked him aside. I told Trish to get back to the table. I turned to face this little creep and he slapped me across the face -- hard. Two big dudes emerged from the group, grabbed me and hustled me off the stage. Trish was crying, her mother upset. She said they were leaving. She thanked me, kissed my cheek, and gave me her card, telling me to forget about the drunken clod. My face stung. I felt like a cowardly dog. The two big dudes grinned at me as they departed, with the little guy leading the way. I paid the check, put on my London Fog and followed them into the night. It was drizzling. The three men were about twenty yards ahead of me, in the parking lot, illuminated by overhead lights. I called out to them in an unfriendly manner. The two big guys, my size, came at me. About a yard apart. I got in two lucky punches. One of them lost his teeth. They were on the ground grabbing at my legs, groaning, cursing. Fortunately, the uniformed doorman arrived with help and pulled them off -- thereby saving my life. I stood under the Gay Nineties canopy awaiting a cab. A Caddy drove up from the parking lot. It was the little guy driving. The two body guards were in the back seat mopping up. The little guy gave me his business card. He said, look me up. We kin use you. I examined the card later : XYZ Air-conditioning Company, Denver, Colo. Pres. Irving Kaplan. Wherever I went JEWS made their presence felt. In 1964 Gen. Pedro del Valle gave me John O. Beaty's *The Iron Curtain Over America*. For the first time I learned how JEWS had destroyed Europe and were now destroying America.

**MORAL:** *Never, never, never trust a JEW. Heil Hitler.*

#### Character Shaper No. 6:

July 11, 1968, my birthday. I had moved to the Eastern Shore of Maryland and started a marketing/advertising business. I was elected president of the Academy of the Arts. The day had been good. Cambridge Economic Development Commission

had assigned me their account. Mitchner writes about Cambridge in *Chesapeake*.

Founded by smugglers and oyster pirates, they settled down and became a prosperous fishing village. But pollution, over-fishing, avarice and local cupidity turned it into a dirt-poor town with little to commend it other than its beautiful location on the Choptank River -- with easy access to the Bay. It had been a long albeit successful day, it was blistering hot, and there was a cool bar and grill on the Rte 50 speed-trap. The tables were packed with workers recovering from the afternoon shift. I found a stool at the bar, a dude to talk to, and watched the Yankee game.

Suddenly, the TV was interrupted by "an Important Announcement." The voice-over excitedly reported that President Lyndon Johnson had nominated Abe Fortas, JEW, to Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Johnson, a clod totally controlled by the Illuminati, had lied about the Tonkin Bay "torpedo attack" to embroil us in Viet Nam, ostensibly to halt the spread of Communism, yet his patrons were almost all Marxist/Liberal/Jews bankers. I commented to my next door neighbor that Fortas was a crook. Which he was. A huge fat guy at the end of the bar, with sharp ears, said I was a liar. He personally knew Fortas. I ignored him but continued anti-Fortas talk with the dude next to me. I noticed the fat guy in the mirror. He had gotten up from his stool and was approaching me from behind. He threw a punch. I ducked, it caught me on the shoulder. I got up and decked this guy who was screaming vile epithets. The bar emptied. at the end of the bar It turned out that Fat Man was the CEO of Western Printing Corp. They produce high-school and University yearbooks, and have printing plants in cheap labor markets scattered across the USA. The FATJEW was visiting his Cambridge facility. I had decked Daddy Warbucks. Solicitous patrons lifted him to his feet. His eyes were bulging. The bartender dusted him off. He departed. I never saw him again. Ever. Shortly thereafter two cops arrived. The bartender, Milty, talked earnestly with them -- about me. They sized me up, then they left. Milty said to me, You better stick around here for a while. They're parked outside. Let them cool off. Then you can go home. I continued watching the ball game. Milty gave me "one for the road." Don't worry, he said, it wasn't your fault. When the game was over I said goodnight. I was drunk, but not reeling. I got into my car and headed for home.

No sooner had I hit the highway than sirens and flashers came after me. At the police station they said I was arrested for DWI. I said that I wanted my attorney contacted. They said first you're going to be booked. I had never been arrested before. I didn't like the idea of giving them my fingerprints and being photographed. They insisted. It was hot. I was getting drunker. There were five cops and the Sheriff. They insisted. I refused. They grappled me up from the chair and slammed me face to the wall. When they pulled me around there was the Sheriff with his Polaroid. I hit the camera out of his hands. The cops were all over me with mace and clubs. They kicked me down the stairs, then locked me up. General del Valle testified in my behalf at the trial. He said far worse went on every night at the VFW. It was a healthy way to relax. Milty testified that it was all my fault. The cops said I had no reason to fracture the Sheriff's jaw. I was convicted and sentenced to a

year in jail.

I lost my drivers license. Lost my presidency at the Academy. My family was mortified. I was humiliated and ashamed. I raked the leaves in the prison yard, worked on Judge Mace's homestead. He regularly used State labor, and State materials to fill and maintain his driveway, paint his house, tend his garden and foliage. I developed a staph infection in my neck. The prison doctor recommended that I be released immediately. I served about 4 months. While at home, working on a color brochure for Frank Perdue I received a telephone call from Frankie Lew. He had occupied a cell next to mine in Cambridge. Frankie was a water man. His grip powerful as a steel trap, his hands gnarled, calloused, the fingers permanently bent from handling oyster tongs most of his life. He was about 35, his face scarred from barroom brawls where chains and pool cues were favorite weapons. He hated "nigras." He told me he'd go to Ocean City and wait for a mixed couple to appear on the Boardwalk. He'd scoot up ahead of them, then u-turn. When he approached the nigra he'd jam a knife into the guys gut. The Negro wouldn't feel it, kept walking till he collapsed. Frankie said he wanted to come up and see me. He had an "old friend" of mine with him. They arrived drunk. The friend turned out to be one of the cops who had arrested me. He was from Texas. He said he and his partner had been drinking in the back room of the bar the night I took center stage. The Sheriff ordered them to "get him no matter what." They told Milty to spike my drink. That had never even occurred to me. Frankie yelled, You never told me that you sonofabitch. At that point Tex was sweating. He begged for a beer. I went to the kitchen. While retrieving the brew I heard screams from the study.

I ran back to find Frankie had ripped off Tex's shirt, was sitting on him, and was pulling globs of flesh from his torso. Tex's face was smashed. Blood was all over the place. I called the Cambridge cops who picked them up. I never saw them again. I had arranged to leave Maryland. Later I learned that Milty was killed by a bolt of lightning while fishing on the Choptank. The Sheriff was fired because he regularly beat his wife, and Abe Fortas and his co-crook Wolfson were convicted of embezzlement and perjury. Wolfson did time, I don't know what sentence was given Fortas. America lost the war in Viet Nam and Johnson resigned.

**MORAL:** *Beware of cops. They ain't like they used to be.*

#### Character shaper N0. 7:

The things that went on in the Cambridge jail would make a book. But I have no time for that. After being chased out of Maryland, I ended up as a real estate broker in Florida. In 1972 the FED raised the prime-rate -- the money supply suddenly dried up. Jobs vanished. Banks discontinued their construction loans. Unfinished condos dotted the skyline. Builders formed hit squads and raided their own projects. Under cover of darkness they stole copper wire, plumbing, air-conditioning units, anything they could get away with. The banks countered with armed thugs. It required 6 years for the economy to recover.

It so happened that I was due a commission for property I had listed. It was sold by another broker. The buyer agreed to pay the 75-grand commission. At settlement he reneged, saying he needed more time. The selling broker said OK. Meanwhile, I had scheduled to drive West to join Noontide Press. I knew that when I left Florida, chances of ever collecting were slim. I visited the reluctant buyer at the motel/night-club I had listed. He was behind the bar, serving a drink to three young men. He was Jew, 50-ish. I identified myself. Grinning, he said, too bad, the market's bust, you'll have to wait for your commission. Like 15-minutes, said I. This led to an argument. I was hustled out of the bar by his young friends, the Jew followed, shouting invectives. So I turned around and belted him. The friends just stared. They didn't make a move. I walked out, feeling like a sitting duck. Two days later I was summoned by the selling broker and -- surprise -- paid my \$25,000. commission.

General del Valle and Josephine Beaty, widow of John Beaty, author of *Iron Curtain over America* (ICOA), recommended to Col. Dall that I be given a position with Noontide Press in California. Noontide publishes right-wing books and produced the monthly periodical *American Mercury*. Dall, FDR's son-in-law, was the president of Liberty Lobby; Willis Carto was its founder, treasurer and shadow power-behind-the-scenes. Lavonne Furr owned Noontide Press. She and her husband had some kind of an arrangement with Carto. He always was present when business decisions were made. When I reported for work at Noontide, Josephine contacted me about publishing a paper-back edition of ICOA. She had tried to work with Carto, but found him devious. I put together a contract which she signed. I then presented it to Furr for her approval. She immediately called in Carto.

Smiling, he took me to a storeroom where several thousand copies of a new paperback edition of ICOA stocked the shelves! The ink was barely dry. It was a nice job, but the copyright page was missing! Carto claimed that Dick Morrisson, an underground publisher with no address, had printed the new ICOA edition, and hired Noontide to distribute them. It turned out that this was Carto's m.o. He and Morrisson used this maneuver to produce many purloined books. Morrisson never paid royalties to the authors, or to their estates. To bring suit is a costly venture. Beaty wasn't up to it. However, I had a meeting with Carto and worked things out. This required that Carto paste copyright notices in each illegal book. Josephine got her royalties.

Because Carto had lost all credibility, I gave Noontide 2 weeks written notice. Carto fired me on the spot. (To learn about Carto visit Kevin Strom's web site and read Revilo Oliver's letter [www.kevin-strom.com](http://www.kevin-strom.com)). A few days later, I received a phone call from Josephine, advising me that Mrs. Florence Robnett would contact me. She did. We set up a meeting and rapid-fire events began to occur. She asked me to help her publish a paperback edition of her late husband's book, *Conquest Through Immigration*, George Robnett's chilling account of Israel's dispossession of the Palestinians. Florence was 83-yrs old, but possessed a brilliant mind. She had been Dean of Women at Northwestern University. She was a fervent right-wing Aryan. She had no children. She and her married sister, who lived elsewhere, were poles

apart politically. They rarely spoke. Florence was lonely. She met my wife and step-daughter, Linda. They got along famously. In time she invited us to move in with her in her pleasant Pasadena home.

Linda, 14, attended Pasadena High. 60% black. Negro boys wanted to date her. To refuse was to be called a racist. One day she was accosted on the stairs by a huge Negress, who leveled a barrage of filthy language at her. Linda, 110-lbs, drove a fist into the garbage-bag's gut and pushed her down the stairs. The principal told me it would be best for Linda to transfer. Meanwhile the new edition of Rob's book, re-titled *Zionist Rape of the Holy Land*, came off the press. Because of the subject matter I encountered many difficulties and delays in producing the book. The packager, for example, hired by the printer, turned out to be a Jew. He wouldn't release the books to me. I had to sic the police on him. Meanwhile, we all agreed to get out of Pasadena and move north.

In 1976, I plunked down \$ 10- grand for 10 acres, near Mt. Lassen, with a beautiful view of Mt. Shasta across the valley, and a clear flowing trout stream nearby. In 1977 we designed, built and moved into a beautiful ranch house, thanks to Florence Robnett. That same year my youngest son, Erik, entered this world. Florence loved holding him. I sent the first shipment of Rob's book to a right-wing buyer. Meanwhile, I received anonymous threatening and vile phone calls. One claimed to be Meir Kahane. A group of Hassidic Jews lived near Redding. They gathered in the park at the base of Shasta Dam, seven or eight of them talking intently, gesturing, wearing black hats and beards. Florence and I would sometimes go there to watch the salmon fight upstream. Florence's health continued to deteriorate. Her physician placed her in a nursing home. She was still sharp as a tack. We took the baby to visit with her.

Then came the bad times: I enjoyed giving the baby his 1:30 am bottle. I looked out the bedroom window at the pasture. The ground fog was pink. I woke my wife, handing her baby Erik, and ran outside. Flames were coming through the roof vents. I telephoned 911, then stretched the garden hose into the attic. The hose squirted, then died as flames ate through the wiring. While Linda held the baby, Pat and I had time only to save a few clothes. We stood in the crisp air and watched. The entire house was ablaze. Flames swirled into the heavens. Our white quarter horse frantically dashed back and forth across the pasture. He reared screaming against a full moon. The fire trucks arrived too late, they had gotten lost. Neighbors watched spellbound, some weeping. Our grand piano plunged into the basement sounding a deep, bass chord. Ammunition popped. Then all was silent. We spent the night at a Redding motel. Next morning early I poked around the ruins, futilely attempting to find some family rings and brooches. The pilot wheel from my old PT was there, the grips burned off. A man arrived in a Chevy pickup. He introduced himself as a retired logger who lived about 3/4-mile away, in the valley. He said his boar-hounds awakened him, and he went outside to see if the maverick bear was nosing about. The logger said he quieted the dogs, then he heard a POP, like a flare gun up my way. He heard car doors slam, then tires squealing as a car raced down

the blacktop. He and I combed the ridge overlooking the burnt ruins searching for signs but found nothing. Allstate Insurance adjusters said it was a defective fireplace. We had used the fireplace for the first time that night. Later that morning I reported the disaster to Florence. She had heard about it. She was kind and sympathetic as she held my hand. Within two days this great friend and patriot died.

In addition to the tragic loss of Florence, we lost our library, phonograph records, sheet music, personal records and heirlooms from both families. My art samples, vital statistics, resumes and references from employers were lost. I had no documented past. Later, I followed the advice of friends not to mention the logger's comments, lest they have an adverse affect on the insurance settlement. Yet I know the logger was telling the truth.

Over my years of adversity, it became clear to me that a JEW strategy had emerged: "Kill the Best Gentiles !" The tactics were WAR & DEBT. My father's generation struggled through the Great War "to end all wars" and the Great Depression. One of my uncles was forced to take in washing and iron laundry. A dear family friend stole from the market to keep his young family fed. One of my father's boyhood pals shot himself, another attached a hose to the tailpipe of his auto and gassed himself. My Brit father-in-law, a Sandhurst grad, Oxford student and RFC officer, stole food from the A&P so his family could survive. I had earned decent wages in NYC but I was never financially secure. I was chased from one job to another for not genuflecting before God's Chosen. When a Jew CEO deliberately farts in a business meeting, to express his contempt, I seem to react unfavorably. Furthermore, corporate and business practice was to replace employees about to reach stock-sharing eligibility.

Because of the arson attack in California, we were afraid for the baby's safety -- and our own. We bought a house near Hanover, NH. I acquired a real estate broker's shingle. I listed several commercial properties including a Holiday Inn, and some prime acreage. Again, money was tight. Brokers were folding their tents. I supplemented my income by free-lancing layouts for local advertisers and an ad agency there. I sold two oils at a Dartmouth exhibit; another was stolen. In the evening I used Dartmouth library to research the Federal Reserve System. I met a conservative professor of Economics and knew I was on to something after learning the FED was a private corporation. Unable to earn a living, I was now on the run.

My wife, despairing of my unprofitable obsession, wanted to return to Maryland, which we had fled 10 years earlier. In Maryland I placed my R-E brokers license with Coldwell Banker, in Annapolis. Brokers in Maryland also were falling like autumn leaves. I set a record for listings, but interest rates discouraged buyers. Banks were foreclosing, repossessing valuable properties for a song. I attended a real-estate brokers' meeting in D.C. Paul Volcker, FED Chairman, was keynote speaker. One of his memorable remarks to the large nervous audience was: "You guys are going to hate me because tomorrow I'm going to bankrupt you." Sure

**enough, there followed a repeat of the Florida fiasco. Prime-rate was raised and America was plunged into an even deeper depression. "Kill the Best Gentiles !"**

What is the FED ?

The following are a few excerpts from the Chapter MONEY, *"Kill the Best Gentiles !"*  
(www.holywesternempire.org).

And there was a cry of the people...against their brethren the Jews...we have mortgaged our lands, vineyards, and houses that we might buy corn because of the dearth...and lo, we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants...some of our daughters are brought into bondage already; neither is it in our power to redeem them for other men have our lands and our vineyards...

HOLY BIBLE: NE: 5:1,7.

Our money system is nothing better than a confidence trick... The "money power" which has been able to overshadow ostensibly responsible government is not the power of the merely ultra-rich but is nothing more or less than a new **technique to destroy money** by adding and withdrawing figures in bank ledgers, without the slightest concern for the interests of the community or the real role money ought to perform therein...to allow it to become a source of revenue to private issuer's is to create, first, a secret and illicit arm of government and, last, a rival power strong enough to ultimately overthrow all other forms of government.

Dr. FRED SODDY, Nobelist, *Wealth, Virtual Wealth & Debt*

A great industrial nation is controlled by its system of credit. Our system of credit is concentrated. The growth of the nation, therefore, and all of our activities are in the hands of a few men. We have become one of the worst ruled, one of the most completely controlled and dominated governments in the civilized world...no longer a government of free opinion...but a government by the opinion and duress of small groups of domineering men.

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, 1916.

The West viewed the JEW as an alien living within its midst. JEWS had no State of their own, no territory. Whatever the landscape they spoke the common language. Publicly they denied a racial identity assuming the outer garments, no matter how preposterous, of whatever nation in which they appeared. Adoption of Christian names, conversions, "nose jobs", and platform shoes were part of the camouflage. JEWRY seemed to be merely a religion. Therefore, JEWRY was **politically invisible** to the West, and its war against the West was always subterranean, cunning and deceptive. JEWISH strategy was to infiltrate the institutions of Western Culture and destroy them. JEWRY'S primary weapon was money manipulation and USURY.

Early Popes, and Christian monarchs invoked Biblical proscriptions against the "evil and pernicious practice of usury." Money was used strictly as a means of exchange and a storage of value backed by the honor of the State and the productive capabilities of its



citizens. Nonetheless, the end result of Christian proscriptions against usury was to make JEWS the masters of European banking.

JEWS have no religious scruples regarding money where goyim are concerned. They now have the means to carry out their war of annihilation of the West. They would not surface as a fighting unit and openly attack their hated enemy. They remained invisible. Their strategy was to **organize the entire JEWISH People into a Fifth Column** whose purpose is to penetrate the West and **destroy everything**. This is being accomplished by exacerbating natural disputes between the Western States and influencing the results in favor of Liberalism as opposed to Authority; that is, materialism, free trade and usury, as opposed to Western Socialism; Internationalism as opposed to Western unity. MONEY was their sword and buckler. Hate and revenge their motif.

The tactics of this Jewish warfare was employment of money. His dispersion, his materialism, his finished cosmopolitanism, all precluded him taking part in the heroic form of combat in the field, and he was thus confined to the war of lending, or refusing to lend, of bribing, of gaining legally enforceable power over important individuals...The story of Shylock shows the dual picture of the JEW -- socially cringing on the Rialto, but emerging as a lion in the courtroom.

FRANCIS PARKER YOCKEY, *Imperium*

The dawn of the 20th Century found the ILLUMINATI preparing to launch a massive attack upon the West. Not in the light of open discourse, or on the battlefield, but in their usual manner: conspiratorially, from the underworld. **Their strategy was to hitch America's resources, wealth and manpower to JEWISH aspirations which included destroying the monarchies of Europe and creating a bogus ZIONIST state in Palestine.** They found their Judas Goat in **Woodrow Wilson**, Chancellor of Princeton University, an innocent with a vast ego, and a chink in his armor. Unwittingly He became the indispensable, unwitting pawn in the International money game.

**Paul Moritz Warburg, JEW**, was dispatched to the United States in 1903 to promote the establishment of a Rothschild central bank in preparation for WWI which was then on the drawing-board. Warburg made the **Kuhn-Loeb Co.**, Wall Street Bankers, his base of operations. After meeting Wilson at a University seminar, Warburg recommended Wilson to the International banking cabal. Upon further investigation, Rabbi **Steven Wise; Jacob Schiff, JEW; Sam Untermyer, JEW**, and other Jew power-players agreed that Wilson would be the ILLUMINATI'S patsy in the White House. Soon after, Wilson's democratic presidential campaign was announced, promoted and financed by ILLUMINATISTS: Warburg, JEW, and his brothers, Felix, and Max (head of German intelligence and the M.M. Warburg Bank, Hamburg); Adolph Ochs, JEW (publisher, *New York Times*); Henry Morgenthau, JEW ( tycoon of Negro slum dwellings in Harlem, Manhattan); Jacob Schiff, JEW, (Pres., Kuhn-Loeb Co.); Samuel Untermyer, JEW (powerful corporate lawyer); and Eugene Meyer, JEW, (banker, and owner of the *Washington Post*, the newspaper your Senator reads over morning coffee); and Rothschild agent; and internationalist bankers Lazard Freres; J&W Seligman; Speyer Brothers; and the Rothschilds. A few select goyim, including J.P. Morgan, gun-runner,

were in on the deal.

To split the Republican vote, the ILLUMINATISTS financed both Teddy Roosevelt and the incumbent Howard Taft in their bids for the presidency. After Wilson won the rigged election (1912), which he attributed to his own charm and ingenuity, Warburg and his cabal put in motion their plan to establish control of America's finances and credit. Warburg introduced Col. Edward Mandell House, JEW, to the President. House became Wilson's alter-ego, confidant and messenger between the Oval Office and Wall Street. In his novel *Philip Dru*, House makes it perfectly clear that his idea of good government is One World Usurocracy. Legislators who didn't share his views were kept from meeting with the President. By manipulating Wilson, bribing members of Congress, and engaging in the most deceitful lobbying campaign in U.S. history, Warburg got what he wanted. During the Christmas Holidays (23 December 1913), when much of the opposition was absent, the U.S. Congress enacted the **Federal Reserve Act** SELLING AMERICA'S MONETARY SYSTEM to the International Bankers, and dooming Christendom to WWI and WWII; the "Cold War" and all of our "no win" wars.

This Act establishes the most gigantic trust on earth. When the President signs this bill the invisible government by the Monetary Power will be legalized...the worst legislative crime of the ages is perpetrated by this banking and currency bill. The caucus and party bosses have again operated and prevented the people from getting the benefit of their own government.

CHARLES LINDBERGH, Sr., U.S. Congress

Soon thereafter, Sam Untermyer JEW, came into possession of Wilson's indiscreet love letters to Mrs. Peck, his mistress, and wife of a friend. The inner circle referred to the President as "Peck's bad boy". Wilson did what he was told to do when he was told to do it, leading to the appointment of Louis Denmitz Brandies, JEW, Zionist, to the U.S. Supreme Court; and pushing America into World War I.

"Money is the worst of all contraband" said William Jennings Bryant, U.S. Secy State. And our loans to the Allies during the two and a half years before our entry into the WWI were more accurately acts of aggression than our belated shipments of troops in 1917, after Wilson's declaration of war had given an air of legality to the farce.

EUSTACE MULLINS, *The Federal Reserve Conspiracy*

*All wars are economic in their origin.*

BERNARD BARUCH, JEW, before Nye Committee, 9-13-37

Constitutionality of the **FEDERAL RESERVE ACT** has never been adjudicated, although it clearly is unconstitutional.

ARTICLE I, SEC. 8, CLAUSE 5 U.S. CONSTITUTION:

The Congress shall have the power to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and to fix the standards of weights and measures.

The Clause has never been amended. One may then logically ask: Can Congress legally delegate its Constitutional authority?

SHECHTER POULTRY v. U.S.A. (29 US 495)(55 US 837.842) (1935)

- 2) Congress can not abdicate or transfer to others its legislative functions...
- 3) Congress cannot constitutionally delegate its legislative authority to trade or industrial associations or groups so as to empower them to enact laws...
- 4) Congress cannot delegate legislative powers to the President...

The Chief Justice stated: The Constitution established a national government with powers deemed to be adequate, as they have proven to be, both in war and in peace, but these powers of national government are limited by the constitutional grants. Those who act under these grants are not at liberty to transcend the imposed limits because they believe that more or different power is necessary. Such assertions of extra-constitutional authority were anticipated and precluded by the explicit terms of the Tenth Amendment: The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States and to the People.

ALGONQUIN SNC, Inc. v. FEDERAL ENERGY ADMINISTRATION 518 Fed 2nd 1051 (1975)

Conclusion: Neither the term "national security" nor "emergency" is a talisman, the thaumaturgic invocation of which should ipso facto suspend the normal checks and balances on each branch of government...If our system is to survive we must respond to the most difficult of problems in a manner consistent with the limitations placed upon Congress, the President, and the Courts, by our Constitution and our Laws.

CONGRESS MAY NOT ABDICATE OR TRANSFER TO OTHERS ITS  
ESSENTIAL LEGISLATIVE FUNCTIONS.

ART. I, SEC. 10, CLAUSE 1, U.S. CONSTITUTION.

No State...shall make any Thing but gold and silver Coin a Tender in Payment of Debts...

THE U.S. CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETER. If a Law is passed counter to the Constitution it is as though that Law had not been passed.

If Congress may not transfer to others its legislative functions, one might logically ask: Is the FED a Congressional agency? The answer is emphatically stated below!

LEWIS v. U.S. (680 F2d 1239 - July 1982).

Under the Federal Government *Tort Claims Act* , **Federal Reserve Banks are NOT Federal Government instrumentalities, but are independent, privately owned, locally controlled organizations.**

The critical factor for determining whether an agency is a Federal agency is the existence of Federal Government control over the "detailed physical performance" and "day by day" operations of that entity.

The Supreme Court ruled (above) that Congress may NOT delegate its legislative functions. Does the FED legislate?

**Legislate** - to make or enact laws.

**Laws** - rules of action established by custom or laid down and enforced by sovereign authority.

**Rule** - to regulate, bring under force of Law.

**FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM REGULATION "Q":** does indeed legislate in that it *enacts maximum interest rates that may be paid to depositors by member banks on time and demand deposits.*

The U.S. Constitution gives only Congress this power (above). Regulation "Q" is also a violation of U.S. Anti-Trust Laws, prohibiting the conspiratorial fixing of fees, rates and commissions - punishable by fines and imprisonment. Unless you're an International Banker.

One must conjecture why Congress does not repeal the Federal Reserve Act. It has that right - indeed the DUTY. Why does the Judiciary not rule on the Act's clear-cut unconstitutionality? The answer is obvious. **Under a democratic form of government, rather than the Republic our Forefathers designed, second-rate Congressmen are elected by mob and media. Federal judges, appointed for life, are self-serving, venal, subject to special interest groups and bribery.** They adore living in Hollywood-on-the-Potomac, their fat-cat salaries, the perks, the pomp and splendor, the easy pickings. *They fear the power of the ILLUMINATI purse.* They fear the FED, the ADL, the IRS and what happens to patriots. They fear MARXISM/LIBERALISM/JEWRY. They fear the MEDIA. They love their jobs and don't want to lose them. Where else can sycophants and cowards make so much loot and enjoy so much prestige? Above all else Congressmen love to spend your money ("*tax, tax, tax; spend, spend, spend; elect, elect, elect!*") Harry Hopkins' advice to FDR's New Dealers). The FED, of course, grows irritable when Congress doesn't borrow and spend. Ergo, Congress' ploy is to profit by the scam while keeping constituents ignorant in La-La-Land.

Misunderstandings about money have been and continue to be intentional. They derive neither from the nature of money nor from any stupidity of the public...the International Usurocracy aims at preserving intact the public's ignorance of the

Usurocratic System and its workings...  
EZRA POUND (placed naked in a cage by JEWS who called HIM  
insane)

Let's take a closer look at the Federal Reserve System your elected representatives are too ignorant, or too frightened to do anything about.

Let me issue and control a nation's money and I care not who makes its Laws.  
ANSELM MEYER ROTHSCHILD

**Salient Facts About the Federal Reserve System (FED):**

The FED is not a United States Government agency. It is a private stock company (corporation) patterned after the Bank of England, and other Rothschild central banks. The FED, established by Congress, is privately controlled; its notes are legal tender but are debts of the U.S. government, owed to the Bankers. Commercial paper and government securities are used as fractional reserves to create debt credit. The currency in your wallet represents government debt-credit which is satisfied by your income taxes; you also pay income taxes on the interest your debt-money earns if invested. In sum:

1. The FED is a privately owned corporation. The word "Federal" is as meaningless, as 'Federal' Tire Company of the U.S. government. 2. The FED operates independently of the Executive, Legislative branches of U.S. Government.
3. The FED's books have never been independently audited. It refuses U.S. government audit (GAO).
4. The FED is NOT an agency of the U.S. government, although it was created by Congress, and theoretically can be abolished by Congress. It owns personal property and real-estate. Its employees do not draw U.S. Government pay-checks.
5. The U.S. President, with approval of the Senate, appoints the FED Board of Governors. The majority of them are Wall Street denizens with ILLUMINATI connections. Many are CFR/TRI members. After all, **the FED was designed by bankers for bankers.**
6. After deducting operating expenses (?) the FED returns what it considers surplus earnings (?) to the U.S. Treasury.
7. FED member banks (Chase-Manhattan for example) hold billions of dollars in U.S. Securities (for which they paid nothing), as reserves for loans on which they charge full interest. They return NO profits to the U.S. Treasury.
8. Member banks use these fractional reserves to extend credit, *from 10 to 30 times the amount of the reserves.*

9. Owners of FED Class-A stock have never been revealed. Educated guesses indicate that the following are the largest stockholders: The House of Rothschild, JEWS; Lazar Freres Bank of Paris, JEWS; The Schiff family, Kuhn-Loeb Co., JEWS (U.S. Vice President Al Gore's blond daughter recently married a Schiff. They "sell" more than the Lincoln bedroom at White House fund raisers); The Lehmann family, JEWS; The Rockefellers; Israel Seif, London, JEWS; The Bank of England, JEWS, etc.
10. **The Federal Open Market Committee (FOMC)** is the System's most important policy making body. Composed of the seven members of the Board of Governors, and four member-bank presidents, plus the President of the New York FED Bank, FOMC buys and sells government securities, and oversees the System's foreign exchange. FOMC determines the discount rate charged member banks, thereby determining interest rates you pay your lender.
11. Because changes in interest rates, and the amount of money placed in circulation, have profound affects upon the economy, *advance notice (leaks) of forthcoming changes in FED policy would be of tremendous advantage to investors*. FED advance policies are, therefore, a closely guarded secret. But is absolute security maintained? Do you believe in the Tooth Fairy? Or do members of the Board of Governors, who serve at the ILLUMINATI'S pleasure, perform as conduits of highly sensitive information? No wonder the skyline of every major city is dominated by banking houses. ***Since Greed has replaced Honor, Money buys anything - Presidents and Prime Ministers, Popes and prelates, Congressmen and Judges.***
12. **The FED is one of many ILLUMINATI central-banking systems embedded like fat leeches in World population streams.**
13. At this writing the United States (We the People) are over **six trillion dollars in debt. Men in debt labor for others.**

Henry Ford thinks it's stupid and so do I, that for the loan of (its) own money... the United States should be compelled to pay...interest. People who will not turn a shovel of dirt nor contribute a pound of material will collect more money from the United States than all the people who supply all the material and do all the work...why must we pay interest to money-brokers for the use of our own money!  
THOMAS A. EDISON, re Congress borrowing from FED

There is no dispute about the fact that our economy is built by bankers lending money that they do not possess, never have possessed, and never will possess, on the calculation that they will not be asked for that money in notes, coin or gold...  
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS, *The Breakdown of Money*

We now see that while the basic purpose of money is a means of exchange and a storage of value, the ILLUMINATI distorted that original purpose. Money has become a private MONOPOLY, a COMMODITY, and a means of COERCION. **Through the FED's ability to issue our nation's currency as DEBT; to expand or contract the amount of**

**money in circulation (M-1) at will; and to raise or lower interest rates at will, it creates so-called business cycles (boom-bust periods) allowing its masters, ILLUMINATI, to control the vitality of World nation-states and, when necessary, punish them for insubordination (Germany, Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), Austria, Iraq, Libya, and South Africa for example).**

## **THE FED: UNLAWFUL AND TREASONOUS ACTIVITY**

### **AMERICA's MONEY BORROWED INTO EXISTENCE**

When Congress needs money it borrows from the FED. The loans must be paid back - principal plus interest - by the tax-payers. However, **no debt-free money is created with which to pay the interest which must be paid out of the money-supply (M-1) which is debt-money!** This is similar to paying off interest on your Visa Credit Card account, by using your Master Card. It's the Old Testament trick of robbing Peter to pay Paul. Payment of principal and interest withdraws money from circulation creating a money shortage. **Additional money must be borrowed into circulation with which to pay the interest, creating additional debt.**

### **FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM SCAM**

Borrowing to Pay 6% Simple Interest on Original \$100 Debt\*

Year	Original Borrowed Principal	Debt at start of Year	Interest Due at end of Year	Money in Circulation (M1)
1	\$ 100.00	\$ 100.00	\$ 6.00	\$ 100.00
2	"	106.00	6.36	"
3	"	112.36	6.74	"
4	"	119.10	7.15	"
5	"	126.25	7.57	"
50**	"	1,737.75	104.25	"

\* At no time can the debt be paid off with the money in circulation!

\*\* When the debt (in the above hypothetical) is carried to the 50th year, all the money in circulation is insufficient to pay interest alone much less the principal.

Under the FED it is mathematically impossible for American citizens to satisfy the enormous debt owed the International Banking cartel. Admittedly, the FED pays to the U.S. Treasury a pittance of its annual profit but that doesn't mitigate against the scam.

***Compound Interest:*** nothing more surely typifies JEWISHNESS than compound interest.

Albert Einstein, JEW, said whoever invented the formula was a genius. Charles Lindbergh, Sr., Thomas Edison, and all who detest USURY say "compound interest is Satanic". For example, when you contract for a \$40,000 home mortgage payable in 30-years at 15% interest. At the end of the term you will have paid the bank \$182,080.80 P&I. All the banker does is make a ledger entry. If you must sell your home before term (Americans move every 7-years on the average) you find there is little equity to show for your monthly mortgage payments. ***It takes 24-years to pay-off just one-half the principal!*** Most of your money in the early years goes toward interest (interest deductions allowed are negligible). Upon purchasing another home you must commence new mortgage payments all over again. If you are unlucky and can't meet the payments your friendly banker forecloses and walks away with your down-payment and whatever else he can filch.

### **Fractional Reserve System - Bankers' Gravy Train**

The Federal Reserve Board of Governors (FBG) determines the reserve requirement for member banks - thus determining the amount of money placed in circulation. Suppose a bank has Reserve Deposit Credits of \$10,000. If the Reserve Ratio is 15% it can create loans totaling \$56,666 ! If the Reserve Ratio is 20% it can create loans totaling \$40,000 (Remember pawnshop dealer Amschel Mayer Bauer, JEW, Frankfort, Germany).

#### ***Here is how the theft works:***

- 1) When Rockefeller's Chase-Manhattan Bank requires \$5-million currency, it simply enters a credit of \$5-million to the U.S. Treasury.
- 2) The treasury delivers government securities in that amount to the bank. The bank pays for them with a check drawn on credit based on the new securities just delivered from the treasury!. The Treasury orders currency from the New York FED which in turn orders the Bureau of Printing and Engraving to print the new currency.
- 3) Upon completing the transaction - which cost the bank not one penny - Chase-Manhattan can advance to its customers up to \$45-million (10% Reserve Ratio) in new credit at the prevailing interest rates. All of this new credit is created out of thin air!

The banks - commercial banks and Federal Reserve - create all the money of this nation, and the nation and its people pay interest on every dollar of that newly created money. Which means that private banks exercise unconstitutionally, immorally, and ridiculously the power to tax the people. For every newly created dollar dilutes to some extent the value of every other dollar already in circulation.

JERRY VOORHIS, U.S. Congress, CA-D., 1946

No one has the right to be a moneylender save him who has it to lend.

THOMAS JEFFERSON



PATMAN: Mr. Eccles, how do you get the money to buy those two billions of government securities?

ECCLES: We created it.

PATMAN: Out of what?

ECCLES: Out of our right to issue credit money.

HOUSE BANKING AND CURRENCY COMMITTEE hearing, 1941

It is the influx of this fiat money that causes the American citizen's hard-earned cash to lose its purchasing power. That is inflation. That is usury. That is how TALMUDIC JEWS have debased U.S. currency.

When a bank makes a loan it simply adds to the borrower's deposit account in the bank...The money is not taken from anyone else's deposit; it was not previously paid into the bank by anyone. It's new money, created by the bank for the use of the borrower.

SEC'Y TREASURY ANDERSON, "U.S. News & WR", 8-31-59

In purchasing offerings of Government bonds the banking system as a whole creates new money, or bank deposits. When the banks buy a billion dollars of Government bonds as they are offered...the banks credit the deposit account of the Treasury with a billion dollars. They debit their Government bond account a billion dollars, or they actually create, by a bookkeeping entry, a billion dollars.

MARRINER ECCLES, Chairman Board of Governors, FED, 1935

The government should create, issue and circulate all currency and credit needed to satisfy the spending power of Government and the buying power of consumers.

The privilege of creating and issuing money is the supreme prerogative of Government.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Can anything be more absurd than that a nation should apply to an individual (Rothschild) to maintain its credit, and with its credit its existence as an empire, and its comfort as a people...

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, JEW, Prime Minister, Great Britain

## **CONGRESSIONAL RECORD**

(Excerpted)

LOUIS T. McFADDEN, Chr. House Banking & Currency Committee

Mr. Chairman, we have in this country one of the most corrupt institutions the world has ever known. The Federal Reserve Board has cheated the United States out of enough money to pay the national debt...Mr. Speaker, it is a monstrous thing for this great Nation to have its destiny presided over by a treasonous system acting in secret concert with International pirates and usurers. Every effort

has been made by the FED to conceal its power. But the truth is the FED has usurped the government of the United States. It controls everything here. It controls foreign relations. It makes and breaks governments at will.

(10 June 1932)

Mr. Chairman...there is a condition in the United States Treasury which would cause American citizens, if they knew what it was, to lose all confidence in their government...a condition President Roosevelt will not have investigated. Mr. Morganthau has brought with him from Wall Street James Warburg, son of Paul Warburg, head of the Manhattan Bank (and chief architect of the Federal Reserve System)....James Warburg is the son of a former partner of Kuhn-Loeb Co., a grandson of another partner, and a nephew of a present partner. He holds no office in our government but...is in daily attendance at the Treasury, and that he has private quarters there. In other words, Kuhn-Loeb Co.) now occupies the United States Treasury.

(29 May 1933)

Mr. Chairman, understanding that Henry Morganthau, who is related to Herbert Lehman, Jewish governor of New York, and is related by marriage or otherwise to the Seligmans of the International Jewish firm of J&W Seligman, who were publicly shown before a Senate Committee of Investigation to have offered a bribe to a foreign government; and to the Warburgs, whose connection through the Kuhn-Loeb Co., and the **Bank of Manhattan** and other foreign and domestic institutions under their control, have drained billions of dollars out of the U.S. Treasury; and to the Strausses, proprietors of R.H. Macy & Co., of New York, which is an outlet for goods dumped upon this country at the government's expense...and that Mr. Morganthau is likewise related or otherwise connected to the Jewish Banking Community of New York, London, Amsterdam and other financial centers, and that he has as his assistant presiding over public funds, Earl Bailie, a member of the firm J&W Seligman, bribe givers as aforesaid - it seems to me that Henry Morganthau's presence in the United States Treasury, and the request now give him \$200 million of the people's money for gambling purposes, is a striking conformation of other speeches I have made on this floor.

(June 1932)

Some people think Federal Reserve Banks are United States government institutions. They are not Government institutions. They are private credit monopolies which prey upon the people of the United States for the benefits of themselves and their foreign customers; foreign and domestic speculators and swindlers; and rich and predatory money lenders. In that dark crew of financial pirates there are those who would cut a man's throat to get a dollar out of his pocket; there are those who send money into states to buy votes to control our legislation; and there are those that maintain an international propaganda for deceiving us...that will permit them to cover up their past misdeeds and set again in motion their gigantic train of crime...

(10 June 1932)

**Congressman Louis T. McFadden** is a true American hero. His investigations struck directly at the heart of the ILLUMINATI which, in the 1930s, was plotting the war against Germany and Hitler's economic barter-system. McFadden received scant attention from the press although he endured a barrage of threats, obscene phone calls, and had been shot at. At a banquet in our nation's capitol where he was key-noted to speak upon the full implications of his investigations of the FED he, enjoying good health, suddenly was seized with paroxysms and died on the spot. There was the usual bungled autopsy that follows the deaths of U.S. government personages.

The privilege of creating and issuing money is... The supreme prerogative of  
Government.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FEDERAL RESERVE COMMITS TREASON :

**While America engaged in a Cold War with the USSR, and a hot-war in Korea, and Viet Nam, the Federal Reserve was profitably financing the USA, and the Communists.**

**Dr. Anthony Sutton, Hoover Research, Dept. War & Revolution, Stanford University, delineates, below, the FED's heavy investments in the Soviet Union, Marxist arch-enemy of the Aryan Nations: (From Dr. Sutton's book *Western Technology and Soviet Economic Development*, edited):**

The Soviets have the largest iron and steel plant in the world. It was built by McKee Corp., it is a copy of the U.S. Steel plant in Gary, Indiana. All Soviet iron and steel technology comes from the U.S., and its allies.

The Soviets have the largest tube and pipe mill in Europe - one million tons a year. The equipment is Salem, Aetna, Standard...If you know anyone in the space business ask them how many miles of tubing goes into a missile.

The standard Soviet truck used in Viet Nam and the Mid-East is manufactured at ZIL-130 Plant, which was built by A.J. Brandt Co., Detroit, MI. The Soviet military has over 300,000 trucks all manufactured in plants built by the USA. ("Hanoi" Jane Fonda was photographed waving a Cong flag in one of those vehicles").

The USSR has the largest merchant marine in the world, about 6,000 ships: two-thirds were built outside the USSR. 80% of the engines for these ships were built outside the USSR. None are of Soviet design. *Those built inside the Soviet are built with USA technological assistance.*

About 100 ships were used on the Hanoi Run to carry Soviet weapons and supplies to the North Vietnamese. NONE of the main engines in these ships was manufactured by the Soviets. All ship building tech comes from the USA or our

allies.

During the Viet Nam War ("police action") the Johnson Administration sent equipment and technological assistance to the Soviets that more than doubled their automobile output.

"(From 1917 onwards) **there was a pervasive, powerful, and not clearly identifiable force in the West** making for the continuance of transfers. Surely the political power and influence of the Soviets was not sufficient alone to bring about such favorable (to the USSR) West...indeed such policies seem incomprehensible IF the West's objective is to survive as an alliance of independent non-Communist nations."

DR. ANTHONY C. SUTTON, Hoover Inst., Stanford , Univ.

---

And so, on December 7, 1981, a bright, crisp morning James Wenneker von Brunn visited the Federal Reserve Building on Constitution Ave., across from the Washington Monument, Washington D.C. I had cased the building twice before, and talked at length with one of the guards, a retire U.S. Marine. I posed as a freelance newspaper reporter. I wore a trench-coat with a camera-case slung over my shoulder. . The Marine ("HARRY") guided me through the Board Room, and Paul Volcker's office; there I met his secretary, a smartly dressed middle-aged lady with gray hair. My objective was to arrest Volcker and the FED Brd of Governors.

I intended to bind their hands, and persuade them to appear on Television. There, on camera, I intended to read to the American public my indictment of these treasonous liars. If I survived I expected to be arrested, then stand trial before a jury of my peers. Back then I had faith in our system of justice. The Federal Reserve building fronts on Constitution Avenue, however, the main entrance, the north side, is at the rear. Here broad steps lead to a bank of impressive brass-encased doors, plus one turnstile doorway. Upon entering the building one faces a wide north to south marble corridor. Since my visit they installed security devices. Three (?) elevators stand along the west wall. A uniformed Negro security-guard, to the east (my left), seated behind a desk, required visitors to log-in. Attached to the desk was a closed cabinet containing, I had been informed, riot weapons. Two hall-ways, each running east to west, traverse the length of the building; they intersect the main corridor. Two security guards patrol them. Between the halls two flights of marble stairs along the west wall rise to the second level balcony, overlooking the main corridor. Harry (the ex-Marine) is stationed there - He protects the Board Members' offices and the Board of Governors conference room. He too has a desk-cabinet with riot arms. On the first floor, opposite the balcony is a waiting room. A guard there directs visitors to their destinations, makes telephone calls to confirm appointments, etc. I waited there with a beautiful young brunette applying for her

first job. She wore a luxurious sable coat, which I helped her remove when she complained it was too warm. I didn't dare unbutton my trench coat, which concealed a sawed-off shot gun, a .38- police-special, a Bowie knife and a carpenters-apron containing cord, etc. Later the visiting-room guard said he thought I looked "suspicious." The camera-case slung over my shoulder now contained a phony bomb, which, it appeared, could be activated by a phony detonator (range finder). As I didn't want to kill anyone I carried no ammunition.

The previous day I re-confirmed that the Board would meet and Harry would NOT be on duty. However, upon arrival I saw that Harry was on the balcony, his partner had called in sick. Such are the fickle uncertainties of Fate. The ladies on the balcony decorating the Christmas tree departed, to my great relief, giggling and rosy-cheeked. About an hour had passed since my arrival and visitor traffic was increasing. Still my name had not been called to "photograph" the 2nd floor. I knew I had to make a move. Fortuitously, the waiting-room guard left his station to escort the beautiful lady. Now was the time. I walked down the corridor to the Negro guard at the front entrance, shoved the .38 in his gut, and escorted him out of the building. A woman awaiting an elevator suspected nothing. Outside I told the Negro to walk North and keep walking. He was a tall-lanky dude with red-veined cornea. I returned to the lobby, waited briefly then returned outside. The Negro guard disobeyed and was walking east toward the police station. I warned him that cross-hairs were zeroed in on his spine. One more step and my "comrade" in the bushes would kill him. Fortunately there were no pedestrians to overhear. The Negro turned and walked north. I never saw him again. At the trial the black attorney praised him for his courage.

Back inside I walked down the corridor and up the marble stairs to the balcony. There, five or six men and women were conversing before the closed board room doors. Harry approached me, testily. I didn't call you, sir. Go back downstairs and wait. I displayed the .38, keeping the barrel lowered to he couldn't see the empty cylinders. *Sotto voce*, escort me to Volcker's office. Now. I'm going to arrest him. No one will be hurt. Get your ass moving. I ain't going nowhere, says the ex-Marine. The talking group disappeared down the hall. In that case Harry I'm going to kill you. OK, kill me. Quiet, keep your voice down. Where to you want it Harry, gut or head ? Do it, Harry says. Harry, you dumb bastard. Don't you know the FED killed your buddies in Nam? I ain't leaving. Harry, you can help America. Expose the g-d-Jews. Kill me, he says. One last time, I shoved the gun in his gut. NO, says he. Never expect a U.S. Marine to leave his post. I handed my revolver to him (later, in court, he testified that he jumped me and wrestled the weapon from me. Good man, Harry). I removed my trench-coat, went to the ante-room and sat down. A regiment of armed cops arrived. I told them to note that I had no ammo. They handcuffed me. A bomb-detection-team arrived to inspect the camera-case "bomb." Soon I was hustled into a police van. There were iron benches and nothing to hold on to. It was dark inside. I was given a "joy-ride," bounced around like dice in a shaker: slammed from wall to wall, as the driver hit every curb and pothole that he could find. Hard on the crotch. My trousers were soaked with blood.

The first night was spent in a two man cell with a white druggie. The floor covered with vomit. The only white man I saw in the DC jail, police and inmates were ALL black. My Parole Officer, appointed by the Court, was a Jew rabbi. I'm tempted to recount my prison experiences -- which included fights, suicides, murders, sympathetic nurses, librarians and purloined legal documents, but that is another story probably never to be told. No time.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a distinguished gentleman, Elgin Groseclose (*America's Money Machine*) entered the fray. The 83-year old monetary expert had appeared in that capacity before Congress on numerous occasions. He telephoned me, introduced himself, set a date to meet with him in his D.C. office. He was slim, tall, nattily attired, with white hair and kindly eyes. After an exploratory conversation during which I stated my case, he volunteered to testify in my behalf. He refused to meet with me again. And would not assist in the preparation of my case. He sought impartiality. A few months later he died of cancer

Meanwhile, I was contacted by a U.S. Senator (who must remain nameless), who he offered me a plea bargain (repeated by Harriet Rosen Taylor, JEW judge, in private on the eve of the trial): If I would plead guilty to one count of gun violation (I had no DC permit) they would not prosecute me for Robbery, Burglary, Attempted Kidnapping etc. I refused. I wanted the trial broadcast to the American public. I was confident in the validity of my charges. I could find NO attorney willing to take on my case, including right-wing barristers. ACLU demurred because weapons were involved. I decided to appear *pro se*, in my own behalf. The government appointed an attorney, who it turned out was half Jew and was a member of NAACP. He was to guide me through courtroom protocol. However, when the prosecutor objected to my every move it became clear they would not allow me to appear *pro se*. So the half-JEW presented most of the arguments while Groseclose and I presented the FACTS.

I sought to subpoena Zbigniew Brzezinski, Security Advisor to Jimmy Carter; and Paul Volcker, Chairman of the Fed Brd of Governors. Brz, in his book *Between Two Worlds*, states that Marxism is the wave of the future, the USA must embrace it. Also Brz was appointed by David Rockefeller to organize and head the secretive Trilateral Commission, a One World organization. Paul Volcker was instrumental in floating FED loans to the USSR, to build truck plants, steel mills, etc. which produced war materials shipped to Korea and Nam, killing U.S. military personnel. *The judge would not allow the traitors to be subpoenaed.* Elgin Groseclose gave testimony extremely damaging to the FED. He supported my charges of FED treason; he testified that Congress was self-serving, ignorant and frightened; therefore, *the FED could be removed ONLY BY FORCE*. It is a tragedy that Elgin's testimony never saw the light of day.

The courtroom was filled with Blacks and Jews. When the prosecution made a point they cheered; conversely I was booed. Judge Harriet Rosen Taylor made little effort

to quiet them. The prosecution team was led by a JEW, but Nixon, a Negro, tried the case. They decided, early on, that their case was to be based on my racism. The racist charge was predicated on a 1000-word essay that I had intended to read on TV during the FED "action." My MS, now available at [www.holywesternempire.org](http://www.holywesternempire.org), stemmed from that essay. There are many notable quotes therein that offend Negroes and Jews -- including several by Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. The jury and all alternates were Negroes, with one exception, a diminutive, gray-haired White lady sitting between two Negro female behemoths. Almost all the Negroes had served jail sentences, and many black ex-felons were rejected at *voir dire*. One black male slept through most of the trial.

A unanimous verdict was handed down. I was guilty on all counts, and sentenced to 11 years. Elgin Groseclose visited me several days later in the City Jail. He affectionately patted the glass that separated us. There were tears in his eyes. An attractive blonde seated nearby was visiting her Negro husband. It was a most depressing scenario. 6 months later I was sent to Springfield, MO, State Pen for psychiatric examination. I was declared sane "without even a hint" of paranoia, etc. However, I received a low IQ. The tests were taken in pencil, and became part of my prison records. This bothered me. Upon arriving at Ray Brook, FCI, I arranged to take Mensa tests (oral and written). A prison psychologist was sent in to administer them. He had a lisp! Even so, much to my surprise, I was admitted to Mensa. Meanwhile. My preparations for Appeal went badly. The court appointed another attorney who didn't even have an office! By the time his brief reached me in prison, the Appeal had been adjudicated. Ben Wilson, my Easton, Md, attorney, was hesitant but finally agreed appear in my behalf before the Court of Appeals. Ben had Jew clients. He received Admiral Crommelin's plea in my behalf; painstakingly written in longhand. The Admiral asked Ben to review it, have it typed in legal format, and then present it before my court appointed attorney made his Appeal. Meanwhile, Adm. Crommelin had personally met with Pres. Ronald Reagan in my behalf (I have a photograph of John and the President). The day of the Appeal, Ben and my sister appeared at court. The three appellate judges were Black, Jew and White. Sadly, Ben had suffered cold feet. For this Crommelin holds Ben Wilson in utter contempt. Ben had not prepared Crommelin's appeal and he arranged to arrive in court after the decision was handed down, i.e., Guilty on all counts. BELOW IS A LETTER that I wrote while in prison to SecNav James Webb. I hoped to interest him in my case. The letter explains in detail how the Government rigged my trial.

Honorable James Henry Webb, Jr,  
U.S. Secretary of the Navy  
The Pentagon  
Washington, D.C. 20500

James W. von Brunn Federal Prisoner #07128-016  
P.O.Box 904-H  
FCI Ray Brook, N.Y. 12977

Dear Mr. Secretary:

Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin, U.S.N.(Ret.) suggested that I write to you and request your assistance. I am a political prisoner incarcerated in a Federal Prison resulting from my actions against those whom I believe threaten our Nation's security.

Admiral Crommelin submitted a Plea for a Presidential Pardon for me to our President, Honorable Ronald Reagan, on 28 February 1985. The Plea was handled in a very helpful and courteous manner by Mr. David B. Waller. Senior Associate Counsel to the President, as indicated in Enclosure "A". Upon receipt of Mr. Waller's letter I filed a personal Plea for a Presidential Pardon, as directed, to Mr. David Stephenson, Presidential Pardon Attorney, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Several weeks later Mr. Stephenson held a meeting with my sister, and her attorney. Stephenson told them he would 'not submit my written Plea to the President (Please see Enclosure "B") but that he would recommend that my sentence be commuted because: my sentence was too severe for the crime committed; this was my first offense; my age -now, 67.5 years. I have no written evidence of these, Mr. Stephenson's, statements. My court appointed attorney, John Hogrogian, told me I should take no further legal action while the Pardon Attorney processed my Plea.

On or about 20 December 1987, in a letter to the Warden, FCI Ray Brook, Mr. Stephenson reversed his opinion stating that "no favorable action" is warranted in my case. Admiral Crommelin's several attempts to ascertain the disposition of his Plea in my behalf have been ignored by Mr. Stephenson.

Mr. Secretary, after reading this brief you may deduce that the personages behind the scenes who manipulated my trial and extended the length of my incarceration may also have influenced Mr. Stephenson.

I respectfully request, based upon the following facts, that you use your influence to get some action on Admiral Crommelin's well documented Plea for Pardon in my behalf, and upon my personal Plea for Pardon, which the Pardon Attorney, according to his own words, never intended to submit to the President:

I served as PT-Boat skipper, and executive officer during WWII in the Mediterranean, and Pacific Theaters. I received a Commendation from Admiral Hewitt. When I took the Navy Officer's Oath I pledged my heart to every word of it -- and of course I still do. **I am under the impression that the most formidable enemy of these United States, and of Western Culture, is Marxist-Communism.** American tax-payers have spent billions of Federal Reserve Notes fighting a prolonged "cold war" with the Soviet Union, and we've spilled buckets of blood fighting "no-win wars" against Marxists in almost every part of the globe. Yet, within our own gates, protected by the very Constitution they seek to destroy, Marxists have been permitted to capture the machinery of our government. No doubt a conspiracy exists to create One World Marxist Government at



the sacrifice of America's sovereignty. Just as certain, One World ideologists of all stripes are financed by the International Banking Cabal, in which the Federal Reserve System (FED) plays a major role. It is no secret that U.S. Bankers financed Soviet military build-up. That, during the "police operation" in Viet Nam, Soviet truck production doubled resultant of U.S. financing and technological assistance. Those trucks were delivered to N.Viet,Nam aboard ships, on the Haiphong run, built by America and our allies. Why are dominant men in positions of great power in America willing to sacrifice America's treasure and lives to advance the spread of Marxism throughout the world? One reason was given by Rheinhold Niebuhr: "... Marxism is the modern fulfillment of Jewish prophecy." James Warburgh, son of the principal architect of the Federal Reserve Act, stated before the U..S. Senate: "We shall have One World Government whether we like it or not. The question is, shall we have One World Government by consent or by conquest?"(1953).

7 December 1981, I hoped to reveal to the American People certain Facts regarding the World Marxist Conspiracy that are suppressed by the mass-media. I attempted to place the FED Board of Governors under legal, non-violent, citizen's arrest -- supported by D.C. statutes, and by Misprision of Felony statute under U.S. Treason and Sedition Law.

I charge the FED with Treason, operation of a Fraudulent Enterprise, and un-Constitutional Private Corporate Operations. I intended to hold the Board prisoners in the Board Room, demand that their fellow conspirators at CBS provide national TV-hookup; then, over TV to figuratively hand over the felons to the American people with an explanation of my charges against the FED . I then intended to hand over the prisoners, unharmed, to the President of the United States. I expected to stand trial in a U.S. Federal District Court, and prove the FED's culpability to a jury of my peers. I expected the jury to find the FED guilty and my citizens arrest of the felons upheld by statute. Thus, We the People would issue a mandate to the Congress of the United States to bring proceeding against the FED, a privately held corporation, under Federal Tort Law.

I failed to achieve my objectives at the FED Building. There was no violence. I voluntarily surrendered my unloaded weapons to the guard, a former U.S. Marine. I carried no ammo or explosives (all of these facts either omitted or distorted in the official record).

My bail/bond was set at \$3,000.(\$300. cash). I was released upon my own recognizance by Judge Hess. Later I was indicted for Attempted Kidnapping, Robbery, Burglary, Assault with, and possession of, Illegal Weapons. 14 months later, after the timely aspects of my actions were permitted to fade out, I was tried, convicted and sentenced for all counts. The government had offered to drop all charges if I would plead guilty to the weapons charges. I refused the Plea Bargain relying on a fair trial.

I was denied a fair trial for the following reasons:

- 1) The government tried me in Superior Court, Washington,D.C. which does not have the standing to try Constitutional issues. Thus, I could not pursue the issue of the FED's unconstitutionality -- an important element in my defense. My request for change of

venue was denied. The case should have been tried in Federal District Court. I am now a D.C. prisoner "warehoused" in a Federal Prison and under jurisdiction of the Federal Parole Commission which recently re-tried and re-sentenced me.

2) There was no media coverage of my trial. I personally visited D.C. newspaper editors and wrote major networks inviting coverage one recalls the favorable publicity afforded Daniel Ellsberg's "Pentagon Papers Trial." Those who orchestrated his publicity were the same media-masters that suppressed my attempt to expose the Marxist Conspiracy within our Nation.

3) At my arrest, on my person, was an 11-page Outline (Gov't. Exh.14) (Please see Enclosure "C") from which I intended to extemporize on TV. Exhibit 14 implicates Jews/Zionists in the One World Marxists plot. The Outline also shows that Negroes are being used as dupes by the Marxists to destroy our Western Culture. The manipulators, to assure my conviction, simply appointed court officers who would be racially prejudiced against me because of the contents of Exhibit 14.

Court Officers and Jury -. appointed as follows:

Judge, Harriet Rosen Taylor, JEW; Prosecuting Attorney, Elliot Warren, JEW (Warren, later strategically replaced by Ron Dixon, Negro), remained in court throughout the trial as acting consultant to Dixon); Prosecuting Attorney, Ron Dixon, Negro; Probation Officer, Marvin Davids, JEW (Rabbi); Recorder & Bailiff, Negroes. 53 potential jurors attended *voir dire*, six were white. Dixon, using his peremptory challenges, dismissed all but one white woman juror seating 11 Negro jurors, and 3 Negro Alternates, Court Appointed Defense Attorney, Elizabeth Kent, JEW, was dismissed by me when she did no work on the case for several months. Her court-appointed replacement, Gerard Lewis proved to be a Trojan Horse. I would have had a fairer trial in Iowa!

4) ineffective Assistance of Counsel (at trial and at Appeal). Lewis disclosed to me at trial that he didn't have the "heart to defend" my political or racial beliefs, nor to resist the racist attacks by prosecution because he, Lewis, was part JEW, and a card carrying member of the NAACP.

Government Exhibit 14, was central to the government's effort to rebut Appellant's defense ... given the meagerness of attention paid in the document to policies of the Federal Reserve Board -- less than one page -- as compared to the views concerning Blacks, Jews, Zionists -- 10-pages -- the prosecution was clearly entitled to question Appellant's true motives in undertaking his actions ... while the contents of the document were controversial and undoubtedly offensive to some, that fact alone cannot shield defense from being confronted with it during cross-examination..."

(Appelle Brief, Gov't #84-1641. Criminal # F 7199-81).

My objection was not that prosecution used Exh. 14, but the manner in which it was used. 'First, a biased Negro jury was selected, and a Jew Judge. Then statements from the

Exhibit were used out of context to inflame the court. I was not permitted to read the entire Outline, to place the prosecution's remarks in perspective, and to show that the quotations within the Outline were by prominent competent, and in many cases revered men.

Prosecution reasons that because I devoted only one page to the FED that my real motives were to take hostages and "air my racist views." This specious reasoning would contend that the superstructure of a skyscraper -- because it contains more cubic feet -- is more important than its foundation. Prosecution also seems to imply that one cannot be an alleged racist and at the same time seek to arrest felons -- that the two ideas are mutually exclusive. Nevertheless, the Court of Appeals, a mixed racial bag, entirely supported the prosecution's arguments and procedures.

What I endeavored to present in outline form, of course, was that a long period of Jewish History developed into Marxist-Communism, financed by International Usurocrats, abetted by the mass-media (largely in Jew hands) and other support groups.

6) I was denied the constitutional right to subpoena (among others) Messrs. Paul Volcker, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, neither of whom bears immunity from subpoena, both of whom are privately employed in anti-National activities.

7) During trial the government admitted it had in its possession documents relating to my case from the office of Elizabeth Kent, my original (and initial) Defense Attorney. Prosecution had also received other documents during trial from outside source which the Judge refused to admit as evidence but which were made part of my case records.

8) Dr. Elgin Groseclose, monetary expert, who had testified in that capacity before Congress several times, appeared as Expert Witness for the Defense. He testified (I paraphrase) that: the FED is privately owned, subject to U.S. Tort Laws; acts independently of the 3 Branches of our Government; the FED Note is worthless as a storage of value -- is conceived out of thin air; the FED deliberately creates boom-bust periods to the detriment of the American people; that VIOLENCE may be required to unseat the FED because its enormous power controls Congress. No wonder the mass-media was not allowed to attend the trial! Dr. Groseclose's testimony is virtually omitted in the Appellant's Brief except to say that Groseclose blamed the FED for inflation.

I was refused presentence bond and directly from court was clapped into D.C. jail. D.C. Statutes require Presentence Investigation (PSI) reports to be presented to defendant at least 10 days prior to sentencing. My PSI report was presented to me in a holding cell 5-10 minutes prior to sentencing. Lewis urged me to sign my approval because the rabbi had recommended that I be given probation. This carrot, to gain my signature, succeeded. Much later I discovered the errors, distortions and omissions contained in the PSI, e.g., the facts that there was no violence, and no ammo or explosives at the scene was unreported.

I was shipped to Springfield Federal Hospital to determine the state of my mental health.

After 3.5 months the psychiatrists declared me "sane without even a paranoid personality." However, predicated upon tests (answered in pencil) Springfield stated that I had a low I.Q. To refute that statement I insisted on supervised tests, the results enabled me to join MENSA whose requirements for membership start at 132 I.Q. The Springfield report attesting to my good mental health does not appear in Prison records.

Benjamin Baer, Jew, Chairman, National Parole Commission, Chevy Chase, MD. ignores the Springfield report. He insists in his many memos that I require "mental health care -- and after care." In Baer's paranoid world anyone questioning Jew/Marxist motives is -- perforce -- insane.

Being warehoused in a prison 700 miles from D.C. effectively prevented me from meeting with my court-appointed attorney, John Hogrogian. He had no office phone! So I was unable to assist him prepare my Appeal. The Appeal Schedule was so arranged that I did not receive a copy of the brief until after the original had been filed. I didn't receive trial transcripts until many months after my Appeal had been denied by a racially slanted Court of Appeals. Among other mistakes Hogrogian failed to present a jury list. The racially biased Court of Appeals used that excuse to NOT rule on my motion that the trial court was prejudiced, that I did not have a jury of my peers. Shortly after the hearing Hogrogian was rewarded with a position as attorney for the city of New York ("Greatest Jewish city in the world" -- Harry Golden).

Judge Taylor sentenced me to 3 years 8 months to 11 years. If qualified I was eligible for parole at the lesser figure. I was qualified. However, Benjamin Baer and his Regional Parole Board officer, Shelley Wittgenstein, Jew, re-indicted me, in effect, for an additional crime: "committing a serious crime against the security of the nation." Baer also stated in a memo that I advocated the elimination of a "certain race." A distortion of my statement (Exh.14) that Negroes and Jews should be deported to their homelands. A sentiment expressed by Lincoln, Jefferson, et al, and by contemporary Jew/Negroes. Baer and company then retried, judged, and resentenced me to serve a total of 8 years 4 months. This implies a 25-year sentence (1/3rd of 25).

Benjamin Baer is largely responsible for expansion of Federal Prison Bureaucracy. He produces incredibly long sentences by taking cons out of their guidelines. Many young convicts, as a result, are returned to society as middle-aged men, families gone, with no job potential. They become instant recidivists suitable only for employment in Federal Prison System's UNICOR, a growing business. Viet Nam vets are considered threats to society in direct proportion to their military experience -- the more battle stars, the more medals for valor -- the stiffer the re-sentences handed out by Baer. He has no sense of honor. Certainly, a more flexible commutation policy for the vast majority of Nam vets is in order. Their patriotism has been stretched to the breaking point. Allow them to win one war -- against Baer.

Mr. Secretary, my efforts were directed not against our Nation, but against those who would destroy our Nation. I believe my actions at the FED were supported by statute. While you may or may not subscribe to my philosophy, or condone my actions, I know

that you support an American citizen's right to a fair, speedy and public trial. You are justified, then, in using your righteous influence to reveal the immense and arrogant control Marxists now exert over D.C. jurisprudence, and over the Federal Prison System -- not unlike the Federal Reserve System's power over America's monetary system.

Therefore, I respectfully request that you do whatever is feasible to help place before the President of the United States the two aforementioned Pleas: Rear Admiral John G. Crommelin's Plea for Pardon in my behalf; and my personal Plea for Presidential Pardon.

Thank you, sir.

James W. von Brunn

Encls :

"A" White House letter

"B" Von Brunn Plea for Pardon

"C" Gov't Exhibit 14 (written prior to Appeal)

c c : Rear Admiral

John G. Crommelin,

U.S.N.(Ret.)

The above letter, written in prison under duress, was certified, registered and posted to Adm. James Webb. The letter then was *purloined* from the mail, never reaching its intended destination. The Postmaster General apologized (lied) to me in a written statement.

My trial revealed most importantly that JEWS run America's courts. I hadn't known that.

It revealed also the despicable behavior of professional right-wing patriots. Liberty Lobby/Carto/Dall, were advised by Gen. Del Valle of my actions. I notified George Dietz, and Wilmot Robertson (*Dispossessed Majority*), I visited Eustace Mullins at his home, met vis-à-vis with Bill Pierce (NA), twice, in his Arlington, Va. office. All that I asked of them was to attend my trial, take notes, and report the events. No one showed up. No one reported in their journals the arguments, the testimony, and the conduct of the trial. I had prepared a slide show exposing important aspects of FED unconstitutionality and its blatant treason. There is NO DOUBT that the FED is an instrument of coercion, and theft, used to carry forth JEW aspirations for One World Government: the Kabala behind all 20th C. wars. It intends to destroy Western Civilization. Indeed, it has.

The American Right-wing (RW) with few exceptions is totally Pacifist. From the NA to neo-Nazis they preach non-violence. They are "educators." If you already know the score you are no use to them. Their Websites illuminate the problems that Aryans face. Each day new alarms are sounded, adding more fuel to the raging fire. Their sites receive "hit after hit" from patriots, scared old folks asking to help -- young folks asking for leadership. Business \$\$ is good. But that's as far as it goes. Their subscribers, smoldering with rage, ready for action, are told to take a cold-shower -- or pray.

The RW does NOTHING BUT TALK. It offers no Goal, no short or long-term objectives, no plan of action against the well-known enemy. There is no strategy, no tactical advice. Only the warning: DO NOTHING, BREAK NO LAWS, SIT TIGHT (as it has for almost 100-years).

Exactly the advice Marxists/Liberals/Jews want to hear.

But not the advice one would expect from Jefferson, Hale, or Patrick Henry. Even a kid in grade school knows when it's time to get his knuckles bloody.

**MORAL: *America dies for want of men.***

***Then spake brave Horatius, Keeper of the Gate: To every man upon this earth death cometh soon or late, what better way to die than facing fearsome odds, for the ashes of our fathers and the temples of our gods.***

MCCAULEY

Thus we now end this diatribe which, to save space and time, omitted many rules of punctuation, I hope not to your discomfort.

Best wishes to you,

James W. von Brunn

“Kill the Best Gentiles !”(TALMUD)

[www.holywesternempire.org](http://www.holywesternempire.org)

9-1-04

**Letter from Crommelin to James von Brunn's son, Erik**

**JOHN G. CROMMELIN**  
**Rear Admiral U. S. Navy (Retired)**  
**Harrogate Springs**  
**Wetumpka, Georgia**



**October 17, 1983**

**Dear Erik,**

**Your Aunt Alyce has told me that you are a strong, healthy six year old boy and that you miss your father, James von Brunn, who has been held by federal authorities now for some time. We all hope that he will soon now be released, for in the opinion of those of us who understand the malfunctioning of certain elements of our once near perfect government he has committed no crime. But quite the contrary, he has taken very courageous and patriotic actions to try to alert the U.S. citizen to the real organization of the Federal Reserve System and its great danger to the survival of our once White Christian constitutional republic, the cornerstone of Western Civilization.**

**It is my conviction that James von Brunn deserves the gratitude and assistance of every White Christian citizen of these United States. And I believe he would have this support were it not for the cabal which controls not only the Federal Reserve System but also the nationally effective communications media.**

**In the early 1950s I discussed this media control with General Douglas McArthur in a lengthy private conversation. We both agreed that the greatest internal and external threat to the survival of the United States is the near ironclad control over the U.S. communications media.**

**I suppose you know that your father was a PT-Boat Captain in World War II. We were both naval officers and have been friends for a long time. I was fortunate enough to be Air Officer and then Executive of the aircraft carrier, U.S.S. Enterprise, the greatest fighting ship in all the annals of recorded history. Perhaps some day I shall have the opportunity to tell you about the fierce battles which took place near Guadalcanal.**

**This is something you must know: all U.S. naval officers, before they are granted a commission, take an oath "to support and defend the Constitution of the United States against ALL enemies, foreign OR DOMESTIC. " This is a lifetime commitment as long as the officer remains a U.S. citizen.**

**When your father attempted a non-violent citizens' arrest of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System, I believe the evidence will show that he intended no physical harm to anyone and that his motive was to force the controlled media to give him the opportunity to prove to the American public that the Federal Reserve is their most dangerous enemy, and that the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 must be repealed by the U.S. Congress if the U.S. Constitutional Republic is to survive.**

**To show that your father was not alone in his attempt to expose the character and dangers of the Federal Reserve I am sending herewith some documents proving that the Alabama State Legislature passed (unanimously in the House) a joint resolution HJR-90 signed by Governor James on March 2, 1982 "memorializing the U.S. Congress to Repeal the Federal Reserve Act of 1913."**

**Erik, although your father and your Aunt Alyce are now suffering legal or illegal decisions which we hope can be successfully challenged, when you grow older and become a man you will realize that your father has upheld the basic element of White Christian Civilization, to wit: every intelligent White man should live and strive to provide a better future for his children and grandchildren. That is what Jim von Brunn is striving to do for you .**



**Sincerely,**

**Jno. G. Crommelin**

**Rear Admiral U.S. Navy (Retired).**

-----  
-

This letter was taken from <http://holywesternempire.org/crommelin.html> (James von Brunn's website)

- A website that no longer exists BECAUSE THE JEWS DON'T WANT IT TO!